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NISSAN ROGUE
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HEROES

CHAPTER 96 GOING POSTAL

A simple mailman named Echo DeMille has managed to keep his ability of sound manipulation a secret from others. Or has he? Shortly before his power was revealed to his girlfriend, Gina, he accidentally killed a Company agent. Now Echo has become the target of the Company's manhunt. And they will stop at nothing to get their way...



MY NAME IS **ECHO DEMILLE**. I'M A MAILMAN IN LOS ANGELES. OR, I **WAS**, UP UNTIL I DISCOVERED I COULD CREATE AND CONTROL **SOUND** IN ALL ITS FORMS.



MY GIRLFRIEND LIKES TO DANCE, SO INITIALLY SHE THOUGHT MY POWER WAS COOL. NOT ONLY COULD I MIMIC SONGS, BUT I COULD MAKE MY OWN MUSIC AS WELL.

I WAS CONVINCED MY DJ CAREER WAS FINALLY ABOUT TO TAKE OFF.

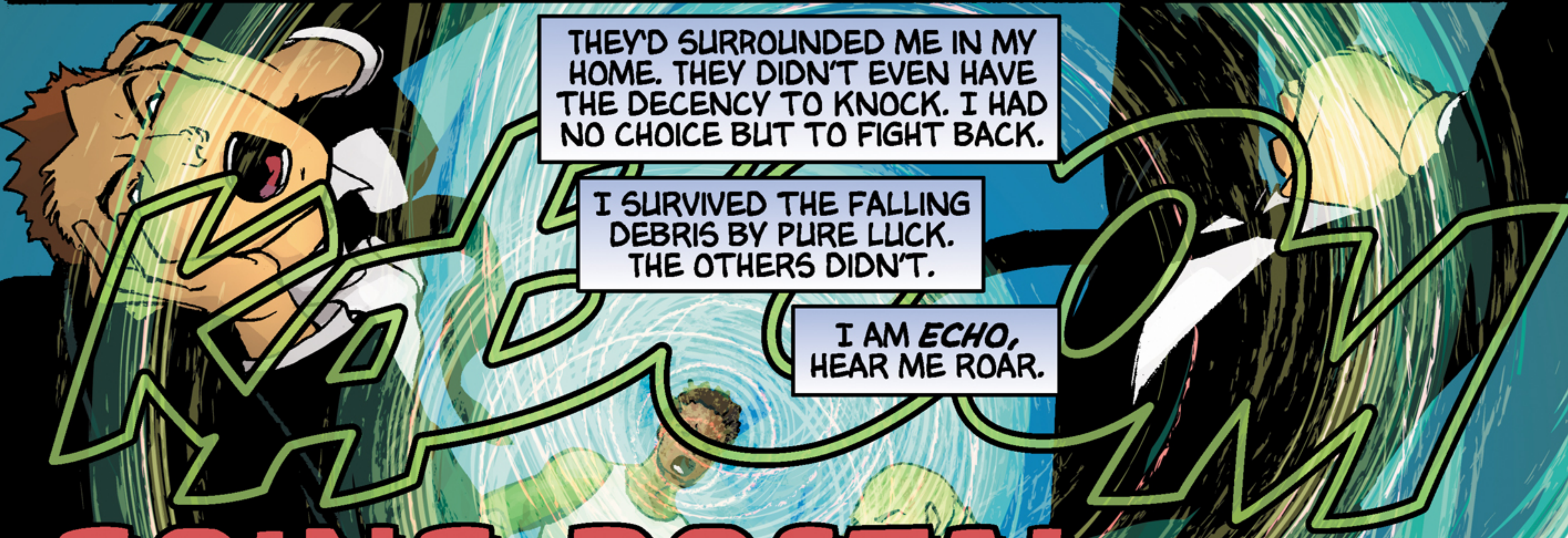


UNTIL I ACCIDENTALLY KILLED A MAN BY WHISPERING IN HIS EAR.

THAT DAY, I SWORE I'D NEVER KILL AGAIN.

I'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR MY LIFE EVER SINCE. AND TRYING TO GET BACK TO GINA, THE GIRL I LOVE.

I PROMISED HER WE'D BE TOGETHER. IT'S OUR DESTINY. RAIN OR SHINE, LOVE CONQUERS ALL.



THEY'D SURROUNDED ME IN MY HOME. THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE DECENCY TO KNOCK. I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO FIGHT BACK.

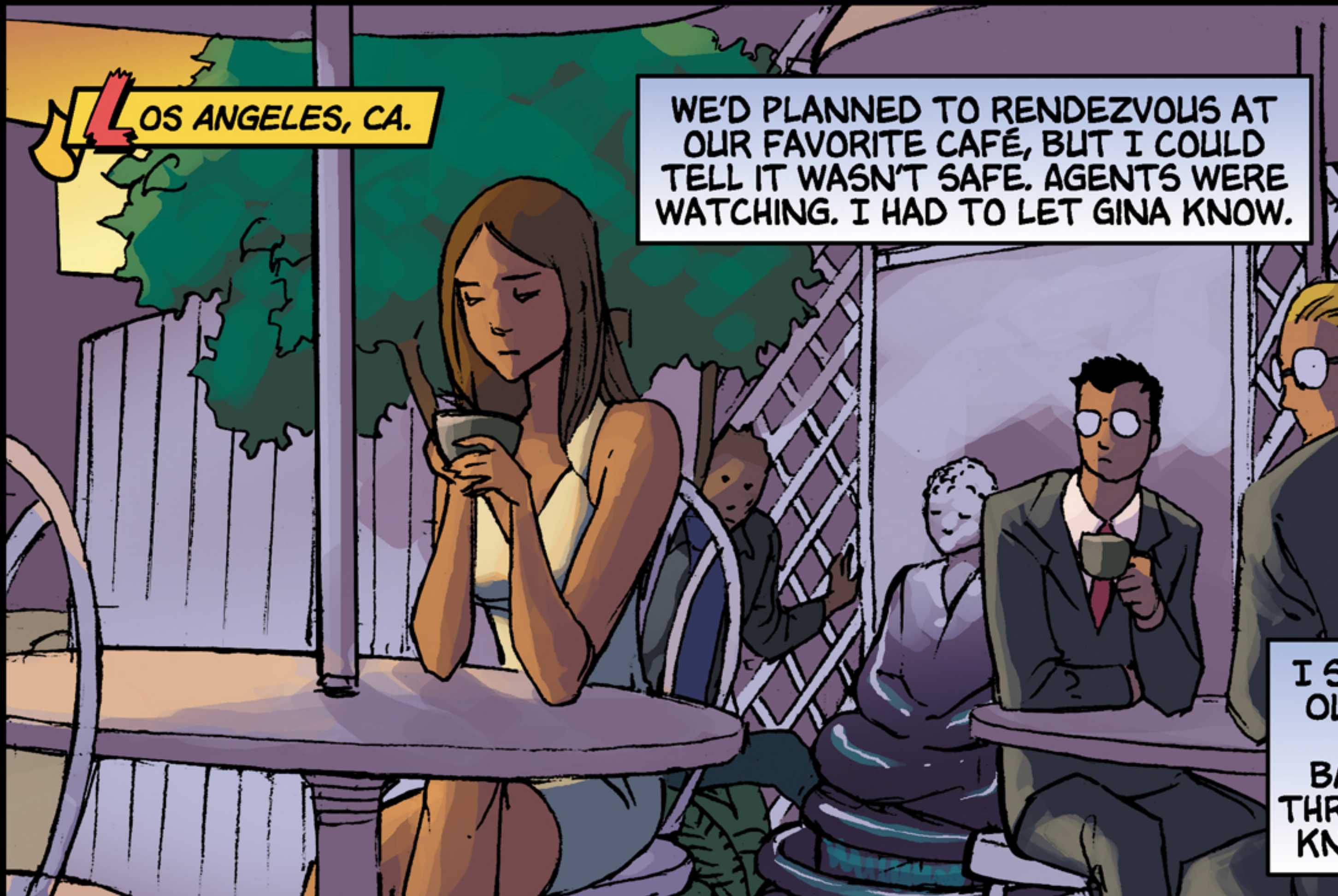
I SURVIVED THE FALLING DEBRIS BY PURE LUCK. THE OTHERS DIDN'T.

I AM **ECHO**, HEAR ME ROAR.

GOING POSTAL

YULE CAISE **MARCUS TO**
Story Pencils

MARK ROSLAN *Digital Inks* PETER STEIGERWALD *Colors* COMICRAFT *Lettering* An ASPEN M.L.T. Production

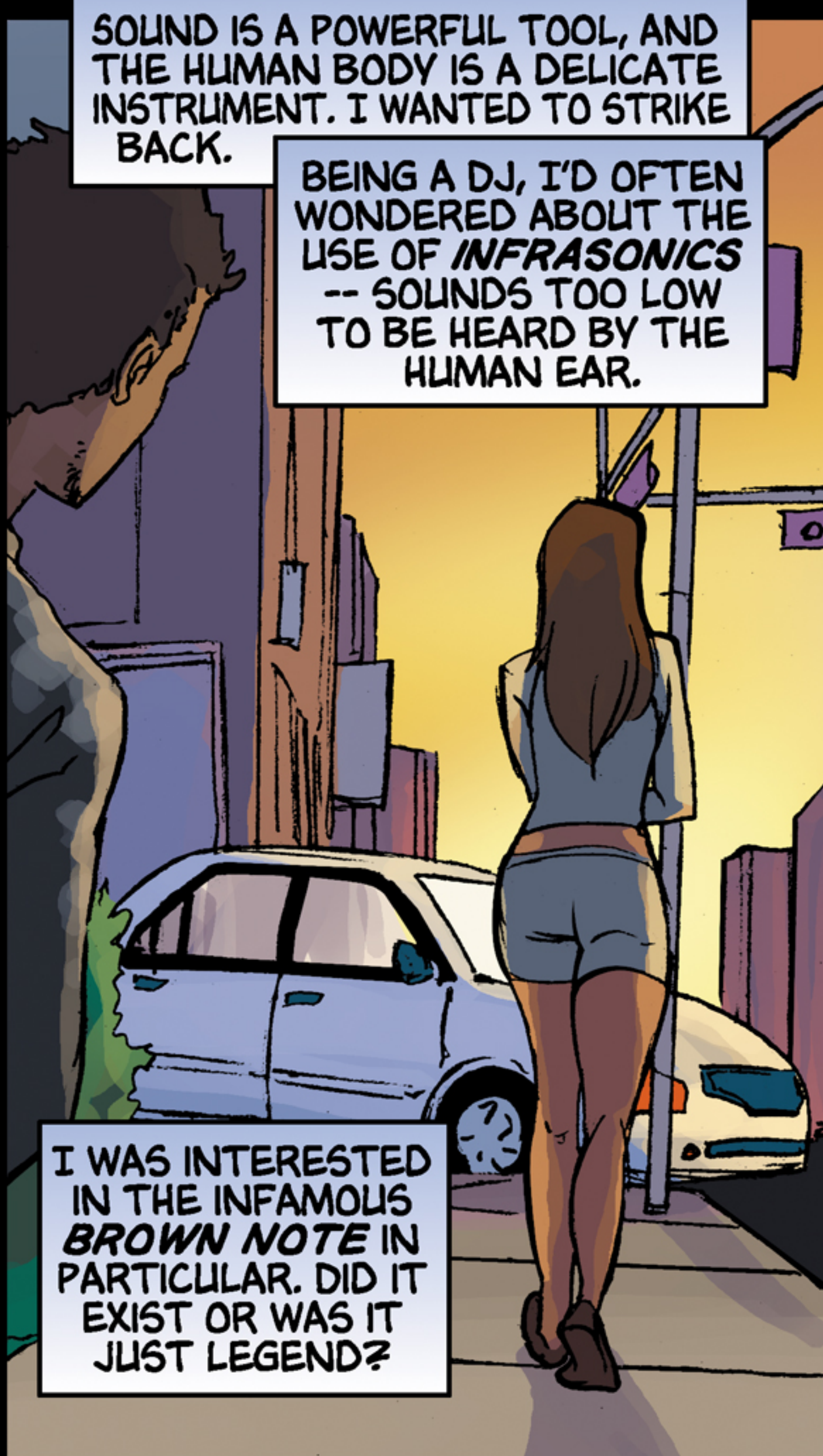
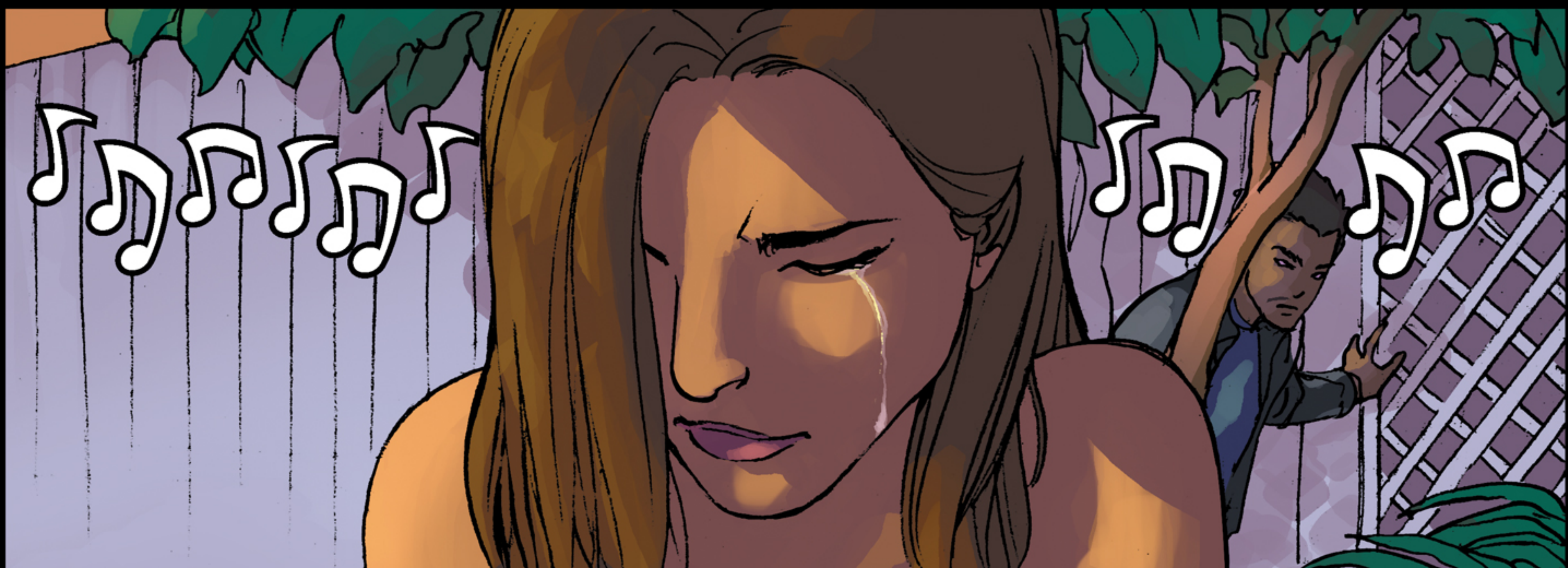


LOS ANGELES, CA.

WE'D PLANNED TO RENDEZVOUS AT OUR FAVORITE CAFÉ, BUT I COULD TELL IT WASN'T SAFE. AGENTS WERE WATCHING. I HAD TO LET GINA KNOW.



I SENT HER A MESSAGE. OUR PERSONAL THEME SONG FROM OUR BACKPACKING VOYAGE THROUGH THAILAND. SHE'D KNOW IT WAS FROM ME.



SOUND IS A POWERFUL TOOL, AND THE HUMAN BODY IS A DELICATE INSTRUMENT. I WANTED TO STRIKE BACK.

BEING A DJ, I'D OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE USE OF *INFRASONICS* -- SOUNDS TOO LOW TO BE HEARD BY THE HUMAN EAR.

I WAS INTERESTED IN THE INFAMOUS *BROWN NOTE* IN PARTICULAR. DID IT EXIST OR WAS IT JUST LEGEND?



I QUICKLY SETTLED ANY QUESTIONS AS TO ITS AUTHENTICITY.

IN MY EFFORTS TO AVOID SERIOUSLY HURTING ANYONE, I CHOSE TO LAY THEM TO WASTE INSTEAD. LITERALLY.

LAKE ARROWHEAD, CA.

I HAD MANAGED TO EVADE THEM FOR THIRTEEN WEEKS. I THOUGHT MAYBE I'D FINALLY SHAKEN THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL.

I WENT TO MY FAMILY'S CABIN, WHERE GINA AND I AGREED TO EVENTUALLY MEET UP. I DOUBTED SHE WOULD BE THERE, BUT I MISSED HER SOMETHING FIERCE AND I THOUGHT I'D TRY MY LUCK.

BUT THERE SHE WAS. BEAUTIFUL AS EVER.

I DECIDED TO PLAY IT SAFE AND REVEAL MYSELF AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, IN CASE THEY WERE WATCHING HER.

SEEING HER AGAIN FILLED ME WITH SUCH EMOTION, I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT BURST. NEVER HAD I FELT SUCH LOVE.

AND THEN...

WE KISSED.

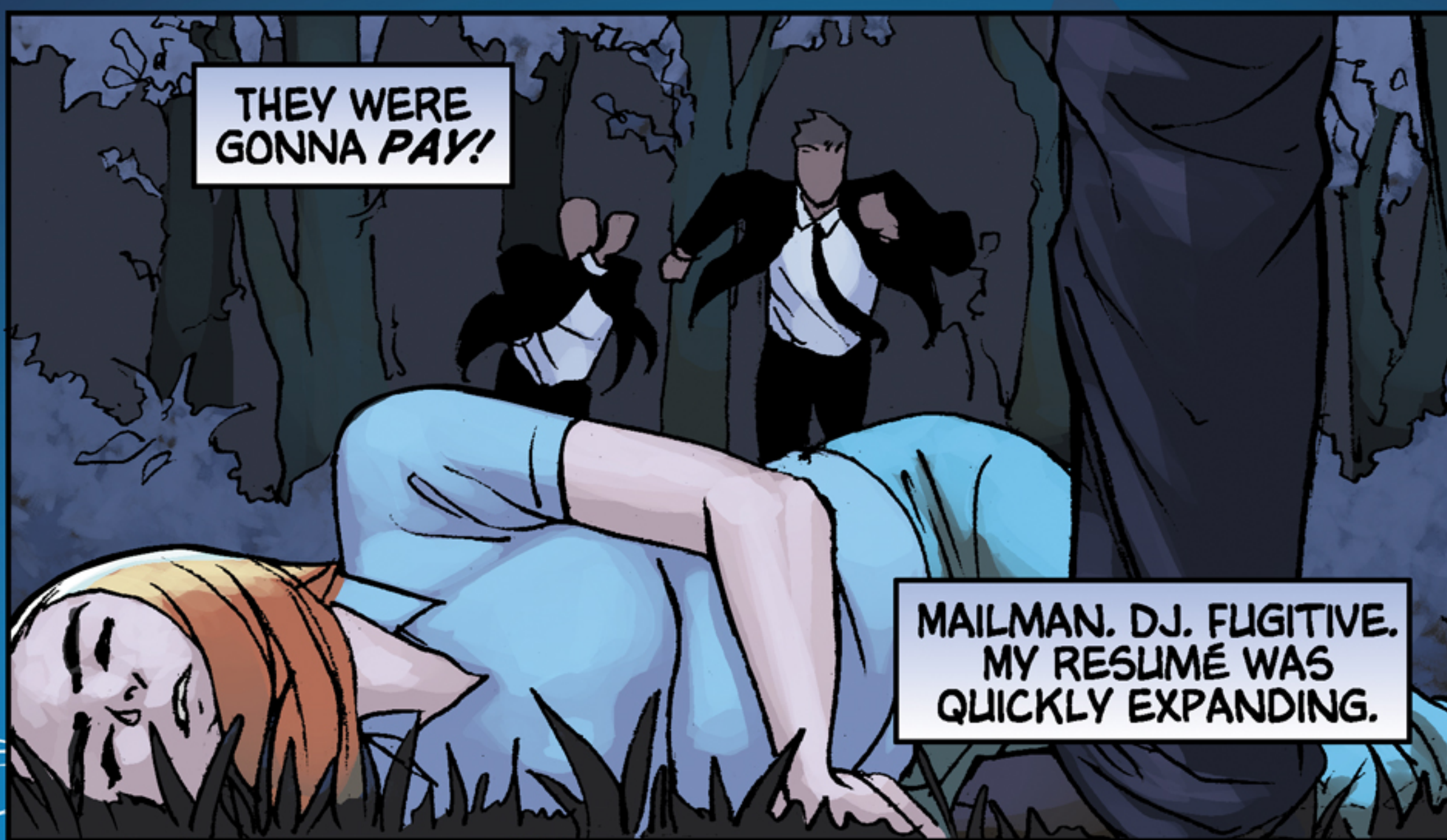
BUT SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT.

WHAT IS IT?

YOU'RE NOT GINA.



IT WAS A TRAP.

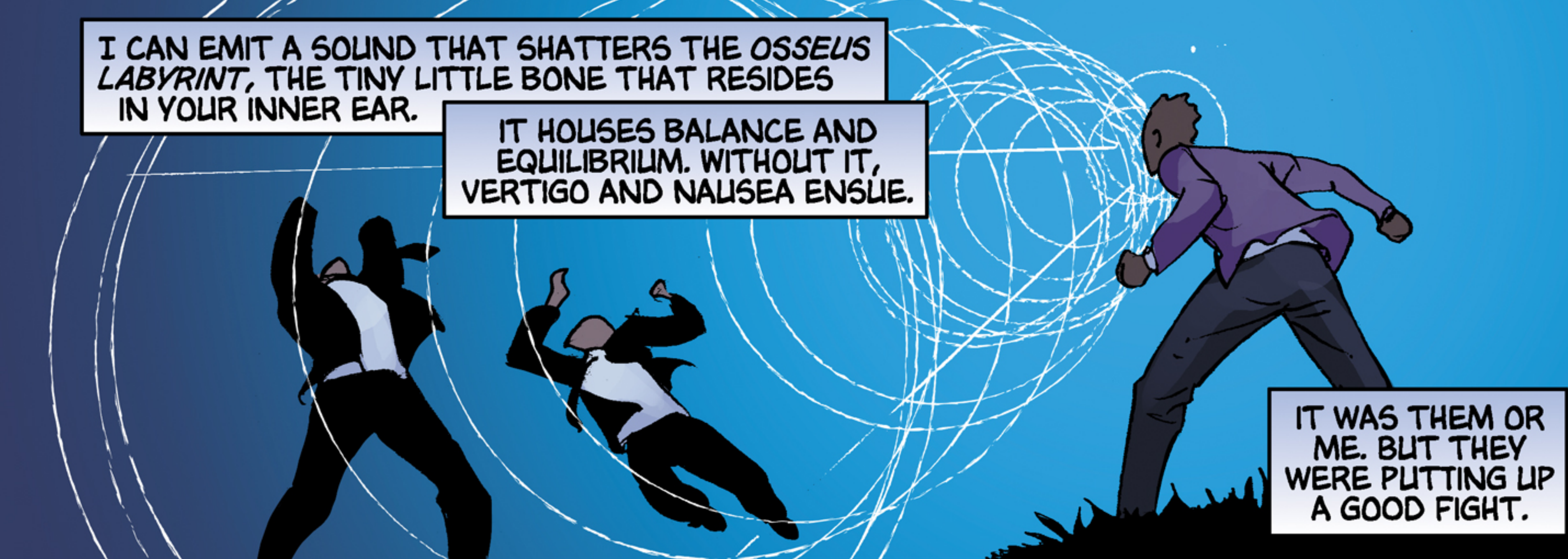


THEY WERE
GONNA PAY!

MAILMAN. DJ. FUGITIVE.
MY RESUME WAS
QUICKLY EXPANDING.

I CAN EMIT A SOUND THAT SHATTERS THE OSSEUS
LABYRINT, THE TINY LITTLE BONE THAT RESIDES
IN YOUR INNER EAR.

IT HOUSES BALANCE AND
EQUILIBRIUM. WITHOUT IT,
VERTIGO AND NAUSEA ENSUE.



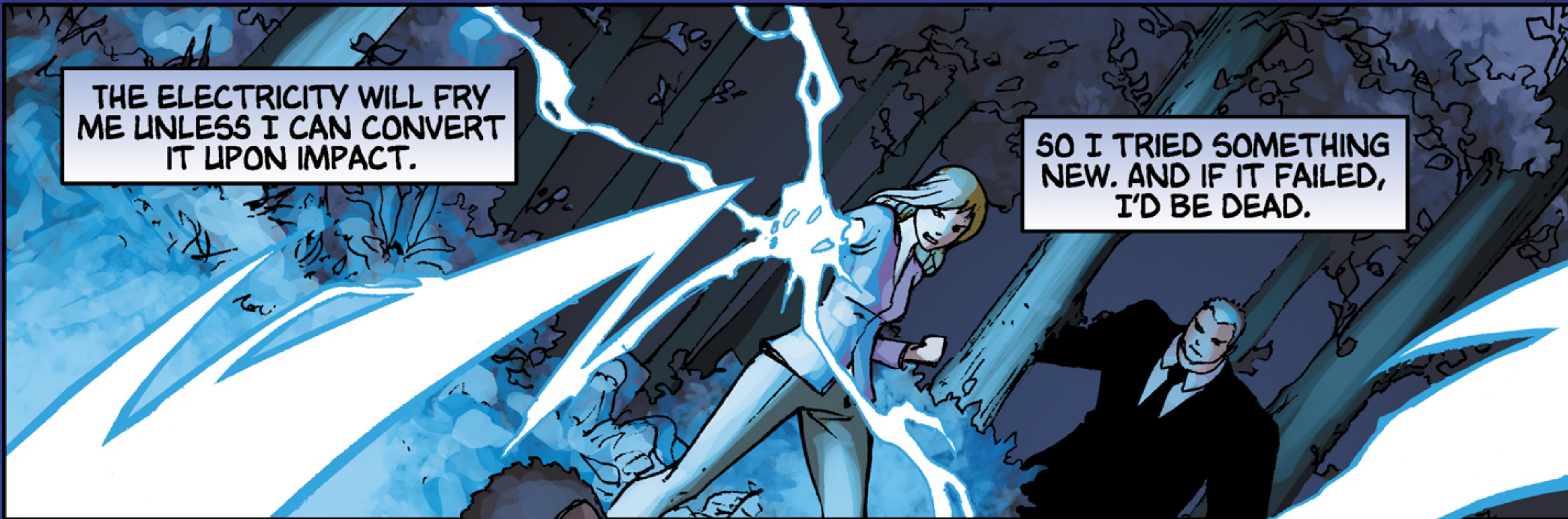
IT WAS THEM OR
ME. BUT THEY
WERE PUTTING UP
A GOOD FIGHT.



KRZAKK



THAT
WOULD
HURT.



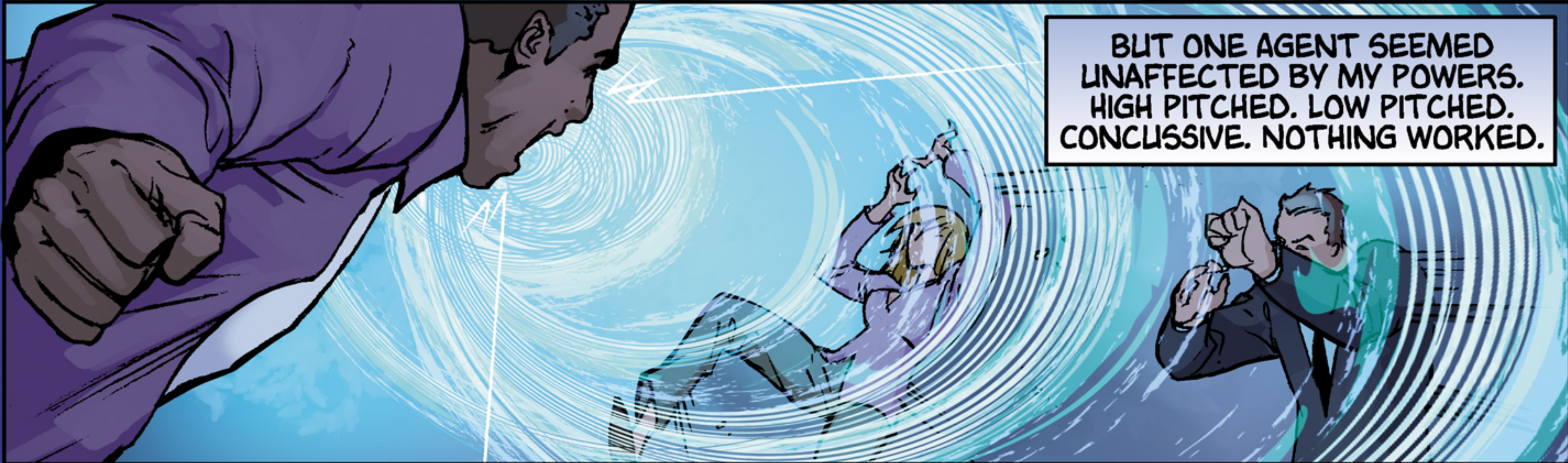
THE ELECTRICITY WILL FRY ME UNLESS I CAN CONVERT IT UPON IMPACT.

SO I TRIED SOMETHING NEW. AND IF IT FAILED, I'D BE DEAD.



SINCE SOUND IS A FORM OF ENERGY, IT CAN BE CHANGED FROM ONE FORM TO ANOTHER.

BASICALLY I BECAME A HUMAN TELEPHONE, CONVERTING ELECTRICITY BACK TO SOUND AGAIN.



BUT ONE AGENT SEEMED UNAFFECTED BY MY POWERS. HIGH PITCHED. LOW PITCHED. CONCLUSIVE. NOTHING WORKED.



AND I WAS SEVERELY WEAKENED BY THE ENERGY CONVERSION.





THERE HE IS. THE
GUY WHO BROUGHT
ME DOWN.



"YOU'RE PROBABLY
WONDERING WHY I'M
UNAFFECTED BY
YOUR POWER."

"THEY RECRUITED ME
ESPECIALLY TO HELP
TAKE YOU DOWN."

"MY SPECIAL
ABILITY. MY
BODY ABSORBS
ALL SOUND."

AN ABILITY THAT LEFT
HIM PERMANENTLY DEAF.



MY NAME IS
ECHO. I'M JUST
A MAILMAN.

BUT WHEN I
GET OUT OF
HERE... I'M
GOING POSTAL.

*The
End*